

Mountains of Sorrow

Amos Lee

When I awoke from my dream
Awakened by the darkness of the night
I was unprepared to be unseen
I was prepared to fight

Oh the rains are bitter, the winds are strong
In the mountains of sorrow and the rivers of song

And I was unprepared in my animal state
To contemplate the cruel winds of fate
And I say a prayer for those who carry on
Past the mountains of sorrow and the rivers of song

And I'll fade away
I'll fade away
In a glass of corn liquor

The memories of [?]
Memories of fire, and of wine

[Instrumental]

One by one, the procession passes
Later in the day we'll raise our glasses
To a good man, now belongs
To the mountains of sorrow and the rivers of song

[Instrumental]

And I have a cabin of solitude
I built it with my own hands, it's quite crude
Ain't much too it, this I know
But I won't leave too much behind me here when I go

I'll be seeking my fortunes, carrying on
Past the mountains of sorrow and the rivers of song
To the mountains of sorrow and the rivers of song
Oh, these mountains of sorrow and these rivers of song